

The Saturday Evening Post.

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THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
As the ways of God to us are dark and mysterious, so are the truths revealed to us in his holy word; and though the Bible be called a Book of Revelation, it does not necessarily imply, that every thing contained in it is reduced to our capacity. When we are told that God created all things, we readily believe it, because we are naturally inclined to believe that there must be a great First Cause, the principal Mover of all things. Again: when we are told that this same Being, who brought all things into existence, upholds and continues them in their course, we readily believe it, because we are pre-disposed to such a faith. And so it is with every event which is recorded, and which we are fully able to understand.

But there are some things which we show a reluctance to believe. And why? Because we cannot fully comprehend them. But surely this is not a sufficient reason. Did we believe nothing but what we perfectly understood, how scanty, how limited would be our richest, our real knowledge. Some cannot believe in the existence of three persons united in one, because they cannot comprehend it. Others cannot believe in the incarnation of the Son of God, because they cannot comprehend the motive of the union between his Divine and human natures. But these same persons profess to believe that the Great Architect produced the vast expanse, the globe on which we live, with all its inhabitants, out of nothing—and can they understand it—can they comprehend how the Mighty Mover "hung the earth upon nothing?" No!—I venture to say, they have no conception of such a power, although believers of the facts. And when it is said, we are bound to believe many things which we do not understand, there is nothing more than truly spoken. Every thing contained in the Book of God, and clearly revealed, we are bound to believe, whether according to, or in direct opposition to the notions we poor erring mortals may form concerning it. Were there no mysteries about the Divine Being, he would cease to be a God to us; for the moment we understand him perfectly, that moment the distance between the creature and Creator ceases. So were there nothing required of us but faith in things reduced to our slender capacities, the objects of our faith would be few; the beauties of religion would cease. Yes, the confidence in a reconciling Saviour would be lost; for it is impossible for us, who are creatures, fully to understand the character of Him who took upon himself the nature of man, consented, for a time, to have his Divine nature veiled in human—of Him "who was made sin for us, and yet knew no sin;" and who, when he had closed his Ministry on earth, and glorified his Heavenly Father, whose brightness he was, returned again to Heaven, his former habitation. A perfect knowledge of him, and of the wonderful work which he accomplished, cannot be obtained in this mortal state. Seeing our knowledge is limited, let us not spurn at religion, at the Divine doctrines and invitations, because there are mysteries in them, because of the ignorance which prevails among men, which descends to us, with a corrupt nature. Knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness, the image of God, in which man was created, have been lost to us. So far then, as the Divine Majesty, in condescension to our weakness, has been pleased to make a revelation of himself, so far are we bound to put implicit faith in this revelation.

SWEARING.

THE following observations are offered to those who are accustomed to this disgusting habit:—It is not easy to perceive what pleasure can arise from the empty sound of senseless interjections; or what superior entertainment can spring from the profane sound of God, Devil, damn, curse, than from the sound of wax, wafers, pens, ink, or any other words of the same number of syllables. It is not easy to perceive what profit is annexed to it. Whatever fortune may be made by perjury, I believe there never was a man who made a fortune by common swearing. It often happens that men pay for their swearing, but it seldom happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive what honour or credit is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or is any man advanced to dignity because he is expert at profane swearing? Never. Low must be the character which such impertinence will exalt; high must be the character which such impertinence will not degrade. Inexcusable, therefore, must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups, the hypocrite, his sanctity, the satirist, his revenge; the ambitious man, his preferences, the miser, his gold; but the common swearer has nothing; he is a fool at large; he sells his soul for naught; and drudges in the service of the Devil gratis. Swearing is void of all plea. It is not the native offspring of the soul, nor interwoven with the texture of the body, nor any how allied to our frame. For as a great man (Tillotson) expresses it, "though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man was ever born of a swearing constitution." But it is a custom, a low and paltry custom, picked up by low and paltry spirits, who have no sense of honour, no regard to decency; but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense, to supply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those that adopt it.—Lamont.

The whole of the Divine law is fulfilled in love to God, and love, universal love, to man; and no one, with whatever degree of respect the world may look upon his piety and religion, if he be without benevolence, charity, and mercy towards all the human family, can expect to hear the voice of the Spirit of God whispering in his heart, "Well done thou good and faithful servant—enter ye into rest." Hence, Christ demands of his disciples that they should love one another, and all who hear him, all who would be his, he calls upon to extend their love, not only to their friends, but to their enemies also—to be merciful even as God is merciful.

As there could have been no place for the exercise of Divine mercy, unless sin had made its entrance into the world, so it is because man is miserable that we are enabled to extend towards him "bowels of compassion." Were man without sin, without care—were he not liable to misery and pain, he would not need our pity; but, because God has created him liable to suffer, and dependant for happiness upon the kind offices of his fellow man, we are called upon to extend to him that Christian mercy which looketh not only at its own things, but also on the things of others; weeping with those who weep; pitying and sympathizing with the pains of others' bodies—the troubles and perplexities of others' minds—their wants and necessities—their oppressions and afflictions—their disasters and disappointments; and when in its power, labouring to mitigate all these afflictions, by pouring out its soul to the hungry; by clothing the naked; by helping the sick; pleading the cause of the oppressed; administering counsel to the perplexed, and comfort to the afflicted; by doing every thing to instruct the ignorant, and reclaim the wicked and erroneous; and what it cannot do itself, rejoicing to see done by others; giving every encouragement in its power to every design and endeavour to reform men's manners, improve their hearts, and to save them from the painful and debasing slavery of vice.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

The celebrated Dr. Cullen, of Edinburgh, had in one of his lectures, stated that imagination was sometimes the cause of diseases. A few of the students being desirous of bringing the remarks of their learned preceptor to the test of experience, left the city one morning expecting to fall in with a simple waggoner, with whom they were acquainted and who they knew would come to Edinburgh with a load of coals that day. They arranged themselves so as to be at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from each other. The first on meeting the man accosted him thus: "Jock, what is the matter with you? You seem very unwell." "Unwell," said he, "deil hae't is the matter wi' me." "I only wish I was in Edinburgh to get my potage." In a few minutes he was met by a second one, who, with a very serious countenance, said, "Dear me, Jock, what makes you go abroad in such a situation? You look as pale as death." "I feel an unpoison in my head," said Jock, "and begin to be awfully tired as I am ganging along the road." He was asked a similar question by a third. The poor fellow now began to believe he was really indisposed. He felt sick at his stomach, and to use his own words, "I like hane in his body was sae sick that he could scarcely gang any farther." In troth he didna ken how to hang up his head. He made shift, to crawl along till he fell in with the fourth who told him he looked like the picture of death. "You need na tell me that," said Jock, "I find that I'm na long for this world. O my head! O my back! I canna stand." O do my guid mistress, let me lean on your arm, and take me into the hoos, or I shall dee by the side o' the dyke." Jock was accordingly put to bed, received medical aid from those on whose skill he reposed the fullest confidence, and was well on the ensuing day! It is no more than fair to state that the students were no more than pleased with their experiment, that they were perfectly willing to pay for it and accordingly they presented Jock with fifty guineas, for the uncassiness they had given him.

TIGER FIGHT.

In India, tiger fights are by no means unfrequent. A square of fifty feet is fenced off with bamboo lattice work, several feet high, in order to prevent the animal from leaping among the people, which has sometimes taken place. The tiger is placed in a cage on one side of the square, and an immense crowd of spectators usually assemble outside the fence, impatiently waiting for the fight. Upon a given signal, the tiger is driven into the area by fireworks. In a combat of this sort described by a recent traveller, a buffalo was first let in against the tiger: both animals appeared equally reluctant to engage and watched each other most attentively. The tiger was again compelled to move by the fireworks, and the buffalo advanced two or three steps, on which the tiger again crouched. A dog was next thrown in, but the tiger seemed unwilling to attack even him. An elephant was next sent into the square, when the tiger retreating, uttered a cry of terror, and in despair he attempted to leap over the fence, but failed. The elephant approaching by direction of his rider, attempted to throw himself on his knees upon the tiger, but he avoided this danger. The elephant in his turn became alarmed, and on exertion of his rider could induce him to repeat the attack; but advancing to the gate, he soon made a passage through it, to the terror of the spectators. The poor tiger, however, lay panting on the ground, without attempting to profit by the opportunity to escape. A second elephant was now turned in, but he proved as unsuccessful as the former one. The tiger at length facing his adversary, sprung upon his forehead, where he hung for some seconds, till the elephant collecting all his might, with one violent jerk dashed him to the ground, where he lay unable to rise. The conqueror was satisfied with his victory, and turning quickly round, he rushed towards the fence, with his tusks lifted up, and raised the whole frame work, together with some persons who had climbed upon it. A scene of terror and confusion now followed not to be described; the elephant, however, made his way through without injuring any person and the tiger was too much exhausted to follow him.

TURKISH BEAUTIES.

The face of a Turkish woman must not be seen in public; if a man meets one in the streets unveiled, he turns his face towards the wall till she has passed: so strong is the force of custom, that I once saw the Disdar Aga turn his back upon his own daughter, a young girl of exquisite beauty, as she walked unveiled up the steps of the propylaea. These ladies, however, are not so squeamish when out of observation, as I myself soon afterwards found. Copying inscriptions one afternoon in the court-yard of Lusieri, whilst that worthy signore was enjoying his siesta, I heard a gentle knocking at the outer gates, which I immediately opened, and discovered, to my great surprise, about twelve or fifteen Turkish ladies, covered with long white mantles or veils, reaching from head to foot. Having let them in, they made me understand, by signs, the object of their visit was to see a fine clock, with musical chimes, which Lord Elgin had presented to the city of Athens, as if to recal the despoiler of the

Parthenon every hour to remembrance. They followed me slowly, in perfect silence, to the temporary shed in which it was placed; but had no sooner entered than they began to giggle, and presently burst into a loud laugh: they then threw back suddenly their long veils, as if by a preconcerted scheme to surprise me by that blaze of beauty which radiated from their large black eyes: I certainly never beheld so glorious a sight. I may have seen handsomer women, perhaps, than any individual among them, but never did I see such a combination of beauties; such beaming eyes and silken lashes, or such dazzling complexions; they appeared like a legion of Houries sent express from the paradise of Mahomet. The lovely creatures seemed to enjoy my astonishment, and to triumph in the effect of their charms: encompassing me in a circle, they gently pushed me towards the clock, that I might show them its mechanism; this I had no sooner done than, with a shout of joy, they seized the wires, and rang such a peal upon the chimes, that the Italian awoke from his nap, and running to the spot in his gown and slippers, began to chide them in so severe a strain, that the laughter immediately ceased, silence was restored, the veils drawn again over their faces, and, in the same slow and solemn step with which they entered, the whole party moved off the premises, leaving me in the state of a person just awakened out of a most extraordinary dream.—Hughes's Travels in Greece.

COLLECTANEA.

New Way of Getting a Wife.—The Governor of the workhouse, in a town not a dozen miles out of the road between Manchester and Liverpool, Eng. had the misfortune, some time ago, to lose his spouse by death. As he had no daughter old enough to take the duty his wife had discharged in the establishment, it was intimated to him by his principal, that they should be under the necessity of introducing a matron. Anxious to avert this contingency, the Governor determined to get married, and forthwith despatched an epistle to one of the Overseers of a very populous town in the neighbourhood, intimating his wish "to change his condition," and requesting his correspondent to look out for a lady from forty to fifty years of age, who might suit his purpose. The letter, of course, created a good deal of mirth amongst the Churchwardens and Sidesmen of the very populous town alluded to, and one of the former, handing it to an Overseer of the poor, desired him to select a wife for the applicant. The Overseer, happening to call in at a shop of an acquaintance, mentioned the commission with which he was intrusted, when the shopkeeper straightway exclaimed, "Why, my aunt—will just be the thing for him." The lady's disposition was sounded, and she was found not indisposed for the negotiation; accordingly, the tender swain was informed, by a letter written on the Sunday evening, that his agent had procured a help-mate for him. This gentleman, on coming to his office, on the Monday morning, was surprised to find his correspondent already waiting his arrival, and impatient to be introduced, without delay, to his future wife. To cut the story short, suffice it to observe, that the introduction took place, the preliminaries were speedily arranged, and the parties, in the course of a fortnight, united in the holy bonds of matrimony, in which, we understand, they live quite as happily as many persons whose attachment has had a long duration and a more romantic commencement.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

A correspondent sends us the following account of a curious phenomenon, though produced by unphilosophical means. He submits it for explanation.—"Having placed a slice of dried Dutch salmon upon the point of a highly polished steel toasting-fork, and having held it at a moderate distance from the fire, with the intention of roasting it, I was surprised to observe, that, in a few minutes, it appeared rather singularly decomposed, from circumstances not naturally, nor usually, the result of heat moderately applied; and, upon closer examination, I found my 'breakfast relish' charged with a considerable portion of igneous matter. Upon holding it closer to the fire, the fish emitted frequent and vivid sparks of light, which were afterwards succeeded by a sudden repulsion of the toasting-fork wire, very much resembling an electric shock. I have since repeated this experiment on a larger scale, which has been attended with similar effects, with these differences only:—the sparks have been more numerous—the repulsion of the wire has been sufficiently violent to create pain in the hand holding it—and the fish has retained a strong smell, not unlike that produced by striking two flints together."—Literary Gazette.

IMPORTANCE OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

Who is it that moulds and directs the character of our boys for the ten or twelve years of their life?—Not the father: for such are his engagements, or such the state and reserve of his manners, that his sons but rarely come in contact with him. No: it is in the nursery; it is in the gentle and attractive society of the mother; it is in her affectionate bosom, and on her lap, that the blossoms of the heart and mind begin their bloom; it is she who bends the twig, and thus decides the character of the tree. How then ought she to be accomplished for this important office! How wide and diversified her reading and information! How numerous the historic models of great men with which her memory should be stored! How grand and noble the tone of her own character!

Receipt for Looseness of Spirits.

Take one ounce of the Seeds of Resolution, properly mixed with the oil of Good Conscience—in fuse into it a large spoonful of the Salts of Patience—distil very carefully a composing plant, called "Others' Woes," which you will find in every part of the Garden of Life, growing under the broad leaves of Disguise—add a small quantity, and it will greatly assist the Salts of Patience in their operation—gather a handful of the blossoms of HOPE, then sweeten them properly with a syrup made of the Juice of Providence; and if you can get any of the seed of True Friendship, you will have the most valuable Medicine that can be administered; but you must be very careful to get the true seed, as there is a weed that very much resembles it, called Self-interest, which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients up into small pills, which may be called Pills of Comfort—take one night and morning, and in a short time the cure will be effectually completed.

COMMENT L'AMEZ VOUS.

In playing the game of "Comment l'amez-vous?" one person leaves the room, and in his or her absence, the company fix upon some word, which has several significations, or of which opposite things may be predicated. The person who is to propose the question then enters the room, asks the company, in rotation, how they like it, and from a comparison of the various answers, must discover what the thing is.—To illustrate this, suppose the word to be a PLACE.—

One of the company likes it at court; another likes it in the lower boxes of the theatre; a third likes it fried or boiled (alluding to a place, fish, &c.) a fourth likes it in your affections; a fifth likes it in heaven, &c. &c. From these answers, it will readily be discovered that the thing can only be Place. Much of the interest of this game depends, of course, upon a good selection of words, which, in their different senses, afford the greatest apparent contrarieties. These may easily be found by reference to a spelling book, or dictionary. That person in the company who gives the guesser the broadest hint, and thereby enables him or her to find out the word, must then go out of the room in turn.

The present Lord Chancellor of England, Eldon, has the reputation of being avaricious and of wanting decision on the Bench. The English newspapers assail him with such jests as the following:

"Before Mr. Bell had finally retired from the Court of Chancery, he waited on the Lord Chancellor to apprise him of his intention. The learned Lord, justly appreciating the distinguished legal abilities of Mr. Bell, remonstrated with him on the impolicy of putting his intentions in immediate execution. 'My Lord,' said Mr. Bell, 'I am growing old.' 'I am your senior by some years,' replied Lord Eldon. 'My Lord, I feel myself growing weak.' 'I am much weaker, Mr. Bell,' said the Chancellor. 'I have a swimming in my head'—'and so have I,' retorted his Lordship. 'My Lord,' said Mr. Bell, 'I have made money enough.' The Chancellor was silent."

From the American Monthly Magazine.

THE DUELIST.

Hurt honour, in an evil-cursed hour,
Drove me to murder—
My honest—sweet peace of mind—all—
Are barred for a name! Coleman, Jun.

Some months ago, I paid a visit to the seat of my friend Henry Howard, whom I had not seen for several years; and during the short time that I spent with him, many a pleasing hour was passed in recalling the recollection of departed days, and in conjuring up the occurrences of other years. Circumstances which had then recently transpired, introduced in the course of conversation, the subject of Duelling, and as the relation which my friend then gave me, was of a very interesting nature I take the liberty to repeat it in detail.

"I was once," said he, "on the eve of becoming a participant in this deplorable practice.—An acquaintance had challenged me on some trifling occasion, and being then young, thoughtless and spirited, I deemed I could not as a man of honour refuse the call. I had accordingly set down in the height of my anger to write an acceptance, when the letter which I now hold was brought me by a servant. It was sent to me by a friend, who had been bitterly taught in the school of experience, and who having casually heard of my quarrel, considered it a duty to prevent what might be the fatal consequences. For it I owe the change of my views—my peace—my happiness—perhaps my life. I shall therefore read it to you without further preface.

"I heard, my young friend, that you have received a challenge, and I have further understood that your intention is to accept it. Permit me to request, before the die is cast, that you will pause one moment, and listen to the story of one, who like you was once happy, and might still have been so had the voice of friendly admonition been sounded before him. How miserable he has been, how wretched he now is, tongue cannot tell.

"It is not my intention to enter into argument with you on the subject. Objections to duelling have been often repeated, and your own good sense will suggest them all; I shall merely offer you a recital of my sorrows and sufferings, and leave you to feel for yourself.

"One of my earliest friends and associates, was Albert Harding. We had known each other from infancy—we had conned our tasks, and played our games, and shared our grievances together—and we had grown up like twin trees, that cling closer as they advance in size. Many is the hour of unalloyed bliss that winged its unserved flight over us in that sweet season of innocence, when our sports had no pleasure, unless they were mutually partaken. Would that I had sunk into death at that blessed period, for then I should have been spared the pain of that dreadful reverse which I have since experienced! But I must not dwell upon that happy period; for it makes my heart ache, and my eyes tearful, whenever I look back upon the past, and see those happy days, like a bright constellation, shining through the darkness of succeeding years. Suffice it to say, that our childhood passed serenely away, amidst the interchange of more than fraternal affections, till at length the lapse of eighteen years, gave us the signal of approach to manhood. We now both entered into the world—but it was not capable of changing our hearts; we had not indeed the opportunity of meeting so frequently as we had done, but our friendship remained unbroken. At length, however, an incident occurred that tended to mar our peace forever.

I had casually discovered that Albert was attached to an amiable young lady in my vicinity, with whom I also had some acquaintance; but I did not then know that his affections were so deeply engaged, as I had afterwards reason to believe they were. I undertook to rally him on the subject, and at first he bore with me calmly and patiently. I was in a most mischievous humour at the time, and pursued my raillery with little mercy. Still he continued to take my impertinence in good part. I urged the siege, until at length I fairly ran down his good nature, and he lost his equanimity, denouncing me in round terms as an absolute fool." I told him that was an expression I had not expected from him, but still I continued to tease him, and left little unsaid that could make him and the object of his attentions appear ridiculous. All this was done in a spirit of good humour on my part, but I ought to have known that it was trifling too much with an easy and pliant temper. One bitter word led to another, till we both became fairly irritated, and forgot what we owed to each other as fellow creatures and as friends. A vague and hasty insinuation against my character, which he threw out in the height of his anger, I considered as an unpardonable offence. I told him fiercely that he should repent the words he had uttered, and flung away from him full of the inspiration of revenge.

"I immediately went home, and in the ecstasy of my rage, wrote and dispatched him a challenge to meet me the next morning. It was briefly answered in the course of a few hours, with an expression of a perfect willingness on his part to give me all the satisfaction my rage could desire, and concluded with a taunting threat, that I should 'meet the chastisement my insolence deserved.' 'I did not sleep much that night; for I must confess I had begun to repent somewhat of my rashness. I had made my bosom friend my open enemy; I had turned myself in burning wrath against him, whom I had before loved with the warmest affection; in short, I had, through

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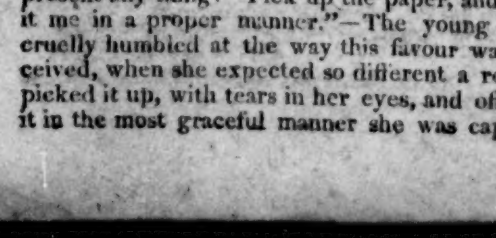
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notice of the same is respectfully solicited. The proprietor will endeavor, aided by their patronage, to make such a *owner* as to give universal satisfaction, and make the office worthy of their confidence and support. Persons of every description, having good recommendations, will find every facility in supplying the above with situations.

Feb. 28—18

PORTER, ALE AND CIDER.
THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that
he continues to bottle PORTER, ALE and CIDER,
of the choicest quality, for home consumption or exportation,
at his stand, No. 108 MARKET STREET, corner of Frank-
lin Court, between Third and Fourth.
april 10—tf
JOHN C. RUHLMAN.

business in the state of Illinois, agency and commission business generally, promptly and correctly attended to. Orders and business left with Messrs. Weaver & Wiltbohn, will meet with immediate attention.

SAMUEL SMITH, Land Agent.
Kaskaskia, Illinois, Jan. 22, 1824.

References—Messrs. Wickham & Co. Thomas Prosser, Abraham Stein, and Charles Fletcher, Esqrs. Philadelphia.
Feb 25—tf

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situated in Mary street, Southwark.
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